



Social and Personal ACTIVITIES of WOMEN



Personals

Miss Bess Staples, formerly of the Herr and Herr book store, has joined the editorial department of the News-Times as society editor.

Miss Bertha Linden, 921 S. Lafayette st., and Miss Maud Worley, Carroll st., have left for Wisconsin university for the summer.

Miss Vivian Huntsman, 751 Cottage Grove ave., has returned from Chicago university to spend the summer with her sister, Miss Grace Huntsman.

Mrs. J. H. Cline and Miss Wilma Cline, 72 Cottage Grove ave., have left for a month's visit with relatives in North Dakota.

Mr. and Mrs. John Devine Jr. and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Marlane of Chicago, have returned home after spending the week at Barron lake.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Scheerer, 750 Seneca ave., have left for Detroit, Mich., where they will visit Mrs. H. W. Milette, before going to Reading, Pa., where they will make their future home.

Cito Arnold, 1215 Woodward av., is attending the furniture market at Grand Rapids, Mich.

Mrs. Carol Stover, 619 E. Washington ave., and Miss Agnes Engdahl, 1127 S. Franklin st., have returned from a 10 days' trip to New York City.

Miss Ann Matthis, 120 Hill st., and Miss Elaine Hamer, 910 W. Thomas st., have returned from a week's outing at Lake James, Ind.

Mr. and Mrs. Ward L. Mack, 123 North Shore dr., left Sunday for a month's motor trip through New York, Pennsylvania and other New England states.

Dr. and Mrs. E. J. Lent, 107 North Shore dr., left Sunday for their summer home at Pickett, Can.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Reimold and Miss Elizabeth Reimold, 427 N. Michigan st., left Saturday for a motor trip to Saginaw and other Michigan points.

Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Tuttle, 216 Marquette av., left Sunday for Columbus, O., to attend the meeting of the supreme council of the United Commercial Travelers of America. Mr. Tuttle is grand counselor of Indiana.

H. G. Davis and daughter, Mrs. Lorena Davis, and grandson, Frederick Craven, 801 Park av., left Saturday for Klinger lake to spend the summer.

Miss Martha Hinzinski, 1104 W. Napier st., left Monday for Chicago, where she will act as bridesmaid on Wednesday at the wedding of Miss Bernice Henrich.

Miss Catherine Fries, 515 W. LaSalle av., who has been taking a course in nitrous-oxide anesthesia for the last four months at the Erie clinic, Cleveland, O., has returned and resumed her duties at the clinic, 122 N. Lafayette Blvd.

Mrs. Lillian Boyd and sons, Thomas and Homer, Jr., of Laporte, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Warner, 214 N. Taylor st.

Among those leaving this week for New York city to attend Columbia university are: the Misses Ruth Staples, 614 S. Main st., and Ruth Lang, 1203 S. Main st., who will leave Wednesday, and Florence and Helen Hill, 511 N. Main st., who will leave on Thursday.

Miss Genevieve McMeel of Chicago was the week end guest of her brother, Dr. J. E. McMeel.

Miss Eva Strayer, 610 N. Michigan st., is spending a few days in Plymouth, Ind.

Chester Barker of Chicago is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Mager, 512 W. LaSalle av.

Harold Warner of Evanston, Ill., who has been the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Warner, 321 S. Franklin st., returned Sunday to Northwestern university.

Announcements

The Live Oak Drill team will meet Wednesday evening at the home of Mrs. Louise Moore, 620 Pennsylvania av.

Brings Divorce Suit

After Twenty-six Years

Twenty-six years after she separated from her husband, Elmo Walkowicz brought suit for a divorce. She charges that Nicholas, with non-support. The case was filed in superior court No. 1. The couple was married Feb. 12, 1894, and separated in August, 1895.

HAYNES WANTS TO REORGANIZE STAFF

Complete Change in Offices, Salaries and Centralization Wanted.

By LOUIS LUDLOW.
WASHINGTON, June 27.—An extensive reorganization of the federal prohibition enforcement machinery is advocated by Roy A. Haynes, the new prohibition commissioner, in a report he has just filed with Commissioner of Internal Revenue Blair. The changes recommended by Mr. Haynes have the complete approval of the anti-saloon league leaders. The most vital of the changes proposed is the abolishment of supervising of "regional" prohibition agents, and the enlargement of the powers of the state directors to control direct prohibition enforcement within their respective states.

Try NEWS-TIMES Want Ads

Aviator and Aviatix to Wed



MISS BEULAH WALTON AND BARON ZADONZEFF.

LEXINGTON, Ky., June 25.—When Baron Eugene Dimitri Zadonzeff of Russia was on duty with the French air forces in 1918, Miss Beulah Walton of this city was a star entertainer with the American army in northern France.

The Baron lieutenant used to fly over the French villages where he knew Miss Walton was quartered and drop her love messages. He also taught her to fly. Then the war ended, the young woman came back home, and they lost track of each other.

Not long ago Zadonzeff, who is now in business on the Pacific coast, saw Miss Walton's picture in the San Francisco News, with a story that she had applied for admission to the U. S. mail service.

"The lieutenant met me on my arrival," she writes. "He was as charming as ever and I just couldn't refuse him."

Wedding bells this fall. "We expect to go to Russia to live if conditions ever become safe there," she says. "The Baron's family owned considerable property in Russia at the time of the czar's overthrow, and we're hoping something will be left from the wreckage."

UNCLE WIGGILY

His Adventure at the Woodpile

By HOWARD R. GAVIS

Once upon a time, as Uncle Wiggily was hopping through the woods, he heard a sad voice saying:

"Oh, I'll never get this finished! I'll be here forever and Uncle Wiggily, all the other boys are off having fun! I wish it would burn up—that's what I wish!"

"My! What a very strange wish!" said Uncle Wiggily to himself as he stopped to twinkle his nose behind a mulberry bush. "I wonder who this is?"

He peeped out around the corner of his whiskers and saw Johnnie Bushytail, the squirrel boy, standing near a large pile of wood cut into nice little sticks.

"Hello Johnnie! What are you going to make?" asked Uncle Wiggily, popping out when he saw that no Fuzzy Fox or Woodie Wolf was in sight.

"Make? I'm not making anything!" chattered Johnnie, and his voice was not as pleasant as it might have been. "My father chopped all this wood with his sharp teeth, and now I have to carry it in the cellar!" grumbled Johnnie. "It'll take me a hundred years!"

"That's so. But don't you believe it would look attractive if the flowers were made of colored silk?" questioned Doris. "No. It seems to me that the black flowers are prettier with the black suit. But if you used a colored silk or satin for the suit then you might use some flowers of varied hues," I replied.

"Do you see that the belt which is attached only at the sides is made of twisted bind?" asked Doris. "Yes, I noticed it, as well as the shape of little bloomers, which are untrimmed," I replied.

"The bathing-cap appeals to me, with its gorgeous orange flowers," remarked Doris. "It is a gay affair, and introduces the needed dash of color into this suit which could be duplicated so easily," I said, as we wrapped our capes about us preparatory to leaving.

"Isn't Billie going to help you?" asked Uncle Wiggily, for generally the squirrel brothers worked together.

"Well," spoke Johnnie, sort of shuffling his tail from one side to the other bashful like, "Billie can't help me. He's in his half of the wood. This is my half. I can't ask him to carry my part in, 'cause I didn't help him with his."

"Oh, no, of course not," agreed Uncle Wiggily. "Each must do his share."

From over in the fields came the shout of the animal boys playing ball. Johnnie heard the joyful sounds and kicked his feet in the chips as he said:

"I don't care! It isn't any fun to carry in wood, and I'll never get this done, not in a week!"

"Oh, it isn't such a very large

"You must have been playing before you did your work, Johnnie; that's the trouble. Billie worked first and played afterward. It is always harder to play first and then work. But I must see how I can help Johnnie," said the rabbit uncle to himself.

Just then Mr. Longears saw something on the ground near the wood pile.

"Come here, Johnnie!" he called to the squirrel boy.

"Why, they're nothing but a lot of ants," Johnnie said, when he saw at what the rabbit gentleman was looking. "They're carrying grains of sand from one pile to another."

"That is true," said Uncle Wiggily. "But see what a very large pile of sand the ants have any one ant. I don't believe they can move that pile of sand in a HUNDRED YEARS, Johnnie."

"Oh, yes, they can!" chattered Johnnie. "They will carry it one grain at a time and that's how they'll move it. I've watched ants before. They can only take one grain at a time, but there are so many of them, and that's why, working—why, Uncle Wiggily, I believe ants could move a sand hill as large as a house if they wanted to!"

"Maybe they could," said Uncle Wiggily and, somehow or other he looked at the big pile of wood. Johnnie looked at it, too, and he got sort of red under his fur, Johnnie did.

Then, all of a sudden, the squirrel boy caught up a stick of wood and threw it as hard as he could toward the open cellar door of his house.

"Hi! That's the time I nearly hit him!" he cried.

"What's that? Whom did you nearly hit?" asked Uncle Wiggily, getting ready to run.

"The Fuzzy Fox—make believe!" laughed Johnnie as he saw how frightened Uncle Wiggily looked. "I just pretended I saw the fox so I could throw a stick of wood at him. That's what I'm going to do, Uncle Wiggily. I'm going to make believe I'm throwing at a fox, a bear, the Pipsisewah, the Skeekies and all the bad animals. I'll throw the wood down cellar that way, one stick at a time, the way the ants carry the grains of sand. Then I guess it won't take so long."

"A good idea, Johnnie!" laughed Uncle Wiggily. "I'll throw a stick or two myself." So, in this way, by Johnnie pretending that every once in a while, he saw the Wolf or Skilley Scalary Alligator, he threw all the sticks of wood from the pile into the cellar.

"Hurrah! Now I'm done!" he cried when the last stick went through the air at the make believe Bob Cat.

"And it didn't take a hundred years, either!" laughed Uncle Wiggily. So from this we may learn that if you can't have bread and butter, take ice cream and make the best of it. And if it doesn't rain up side down so all the water gets under the umbrella instead of on top, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and the robin.

(Copyright, 1921.)

Try News-Times Want Ads.

Excursions Next Sunday

via L. E. & W. R. R. to:

ROCHESTER\$1.35
PERU\$2.00
INDIANAPOLIS\$2.95

Train leaves South Bend at 7:00 A. M.
The above round trip fares include War Tax

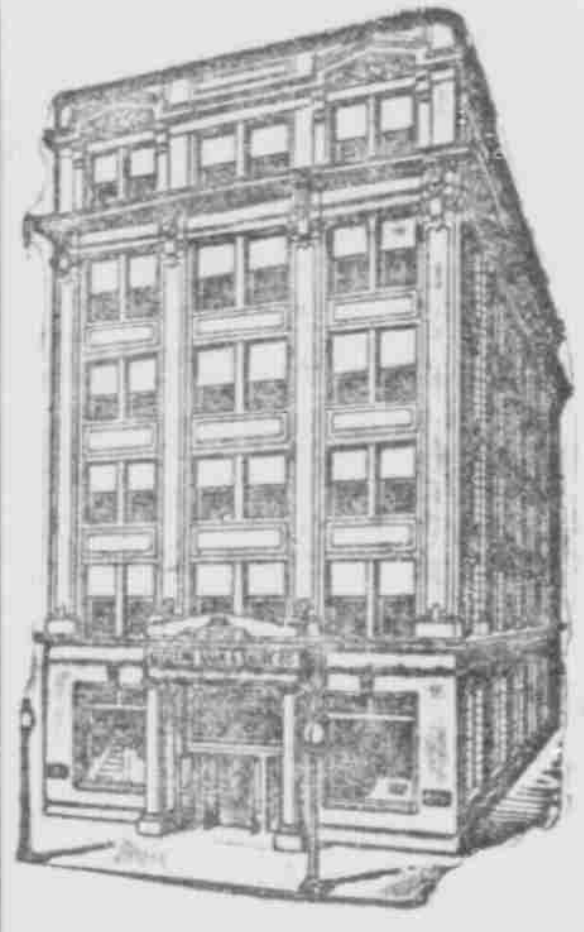
Mountain Maid Red Cedar Chest

WILL BE EXHIBITED AT THE EXPOSITION

BY THE

HILL-HOEL MFG. CO.

SOUTH BEND



WEALTH

Is not acquired by living up to your income; but you are apt to live up to your income unless you adopt a plan to save.

We have such a plan for you.

We pay interest from July 1st on all deposits made before July 11th.

SERVICE—STABILITY
CITIZENS NATIONAL BANK
TRUST & SAVINGS
JEFFERSON BLVD. NEXT TO POST OFFICE

"THE BANK AHEAD"

Try News-Times Want Ads.

HOME-MAKING HELPS

"Everything About the House Helps to Make the Home"

By WANDA BARTON

Why One Commuter's Wife Had to Evolve a Philosophy of Her Own.

NOTWITHSTANDING country people have the name of being hospitable, there are limits even to their cordiality, as many commuters' wives have learned. When kindness is abused there is good reason for bestowing it punitively.

We move into the country for various reasons—to benefit our children's health and happiness, to give the man of the house a garden, or because it is cheaper in the end to own our home than to pay exorbitant city rents. Commuting may be hard for the head of the family, and there may be more work about the home for the housewife, but other benefits, perhaps, balance these hardships.

Winter gives us all of the privacy we want, often extreme loneliness hard to bear if we have been accustomed to the gaieties of town in past years, but at the first breath of spring friends swarm to us. Many of them were only the nearest acquaintances in town. We soon wake to the fact that it is not ourselves but our country hospitality which is the lodestone.

A woman acquired a lovely old place not very far from town, with good train service, a near-by trolley and good main roads at its door. On the place were fruit trees, cornfields, a kitchen garden, an herb garden, and a beautiful flower and rose garden, which was known for miles around.

This woman, an excellent cook, with a well-filled larder, settled down to make the most of her home and its products, but the very first summer was an eye-opener.

Visitors came provided with baskets, and by well-directed flattery carried them away again filled with bouquets of rare beauty, fruits and vegetables without regard to how much the products cost, and the toll of hospitality was not always because she wished to do so, but because she saw no way out.

At the end of the season costs were counted, and the toll of hospitality was found too heavy to carry a second season, so council was taken.

The next season a plain sign was placed at each entrance to the property. These signs stated that fruit, vegetables and flowers were for sale. A summer house was erected near the roadway and tea was served with sandwiches and cakes and cookies at a small cost.

Those who have gardens know that after they have made every use of the produce, and perhaps have sold the over-flow, there is apt still to be a deficit to meet in the shape of fertilizer, fuel, labor and general upkeep. There are always some natural losses to meet, due to storms and other contingencies.

Persons who have had these enlightening experiences object to being made a convenience of, though they love to entertain real friends, those who occasionally in winter think to plan a pleasure now and then for them in return.

We may not all of us be able to support two homes, so we are obliged to make the summer home an all-year-around affair.

Many friends of the basket tray fall to realize that winter is the season of real hospitality in country houses. The fruits of the summer's labor are then enjoyed, the owners are not as busy in the harvest time, and company, which perhaps would be annoying in the summer, is eagerly welcomed.

There may be in these facts a hint which will be helpful both to those who own country places and are troubled and to those who visit sometimes not wisely nor fairly, but "too well."

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Diary of a Fashion Model

By GRACE THORNCLIFFE

She Talks About the Use of Binds on an Attractive Bathing Suit.

"My very fond of swimming. And so, when Doris Davis called up one day and invited me to spend a week-end at her cottage at one of the most fashionable seaside resorts, I immediately accepted her kind invitation."

When I arrived she said: "Now, are you going to make this all-pleasure trip, or are you going to spend your time gazing at the clothes of the passers-by?"

"I'd like to make it an all-pleasure trip, but, of course, I couldn't permit a brilliant style idea to escape me," was my answer.

"Then I shall make you stay in your bathing suit all day long. You really ought to forget about your work and enjoy your vacation," declared Doris.

"Well," I replied, "if you believe that sketching a smart frock or an unusual suit will detract from my holiday then I'll refrain from indulging in that occupation."

"That's good," said Doris. "Now I feel I can meet you on your own ground, for I'm simply loathing this summer, and I can't stand seeing people work."

The next morning we donned our bathing suits and went to the beach. There were not a great many people about, but we had lots of fun swimming.

Just as we had decided to return to the cottage I saw a stunning-looking woman walking along the beach for a few minutes," I said to Doris.

"All right," she replied. "It's quite interesting to watch the sea fashions, and they're only beginning to assemble."

"Who is that wonderful-looking woman?" I asked, as the woman I had just noticed came toward us.

"I don't know," answered Doris. "Why do you wish to know?"

"Just curiosity, I suppose," was my reply.

"Ah, don't try to disguise it. I know you want me to study her bathing suit so when you make a sketch I can help



Note the Repetition of the Neck Decoration on the Sides of This Black Satin Suit.



Threw it as hard as he could

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flavor!

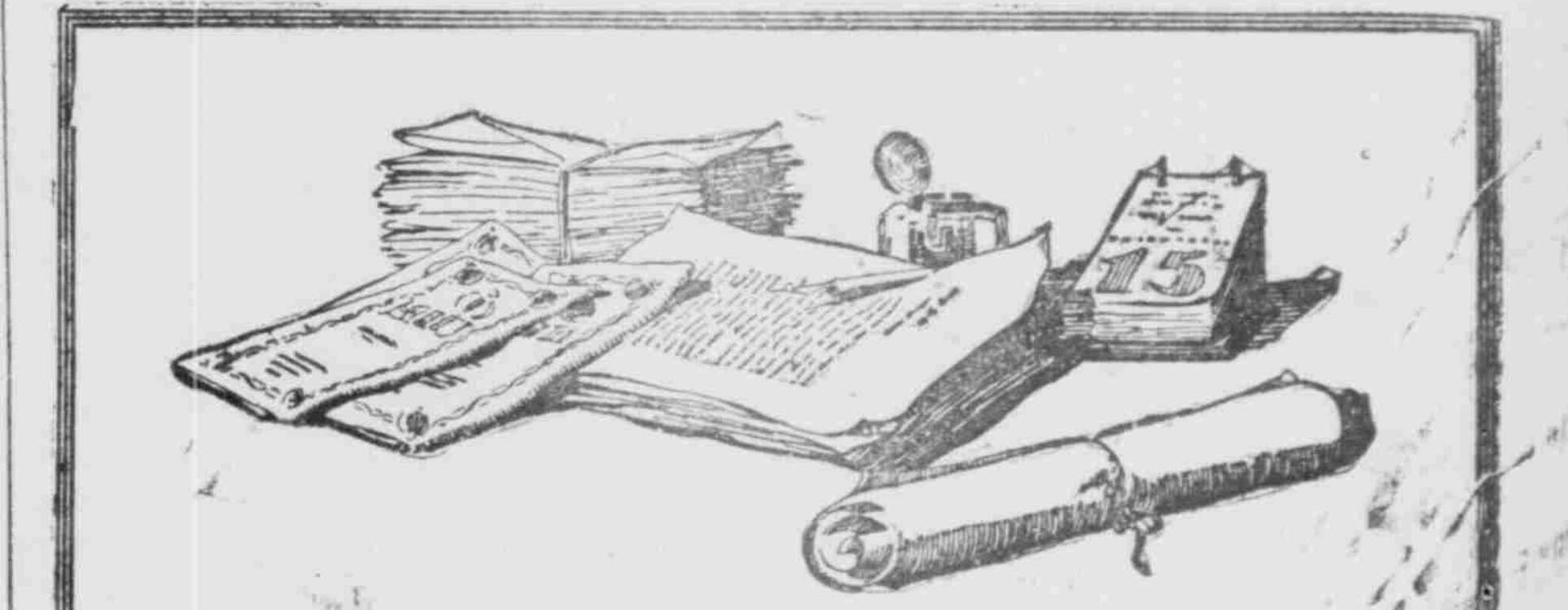
You'll enjoy the zest of the so cool spearmint flavor, thirst quenching and satisfying.

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At fountains
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MINT Se-Kule

Delicious Spearmint Flavor
Mint Se-Kule Syrup Co., Indianapolis



Tomorrow's HOROSCOPE

By Genevieve Kemble

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 29.

This is a day of perplexing problems according to the peculiar planetary conjunctions. By mutual respect harmony conditions—though not disastrous—prognosticated, while the lunar aspects are simpler in their interpretation, though not wholly reassuring. Commercial and professional matters may be expected to make great progress, and writings, contracts and the signing of all papers should receive more than ordinary care. With this precaution, all ventures may be essayed, especially those dealing with corporations and great orders or societies. Be careful of student and alumnus the likelihood of quarrels.

Those whose birthday it is have the reason of a rather disquieting year, for business perhaps unsettled, and annoyances may arise through papers or writings. All should avoid quarreling, and guard against accident. A child on this day may be inclined to be restless and unsettled, and may have other a quiet career. It should be shrouded in veracity, integrity and patience to insure success in life.

Important work that we are prepared to undertake for you

BY appointing this institution to act as your executor or trustee, you secure the service of a strong, experienced trust organization, familiar with every detail of settling and managing estates. Whether you leave a large or small amount, you should carefully consider the advantages of arranging to place the settlement of your estate in our experienced hands.

The following facts are of interest:

1. To have us act for you as executor or trustee, it is necessary to appoint us in your will. Before doing this it is advisable to have a personal discussion with us.
2. When so appointed, we take charge of your estate immediately upon your death, assuming the responsibility of all details.
3. You can name us as your sole executor, or we can act as co-executor with an individual named by you.
4. The amount of our fee is based on the size of the estate you leave, and is no higher than you would pay an individual as executor.

Confer with one of our officers for full particulars

ST. JOSEPH LOAN & TRUST CO.

ST. JOSEPH COUNTY SAVINGS BANK

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